

LETTER

FROM

Sir W. WALLER to Doctor O TES

CONCERNING

The TIMES.

*My Dear Friend and
Brother Labourer in the Truth.*

TH Y Correspondence since I came into these Parts, hath afforded me much Consolation, it hath been like fatness to my Ribs, and as marrow to my Bones, verily it hath been as Delightful unto me as the Surprising of a Priest, or the Rising of an Alter. But alas! those good days are gon, when we freely Feasted and Plotted without Order, or Check from Law or Council. I am not to tell you how many rich Banquets and stout Collations we have had out of the Spoiles of the *Phylistins*; and is it now (as thou hintest) that we are not allow'd a Religious Club amongst the Faithful? and even our Solemn Assemblies are Prohibited, and our Tabernacles pull'd over our heads, whilst the wicked Feast publicly in Halls and Palaces, and Sacrifice whole Bacchanalls to their Intemperate Lusts and Gluttony; and not one fragment left to the Comfort and Consolation of a Disconsolate Brother? Shall the Unsanctified *Jebusites* and *Hittites* suck the sweet Milk and Honey of our dear *Canaan*, and a True *Israelite* Pine under the Yoke of Persecution and Bondage?

'Tis a hard Doctrine, and my Mouth even Waters while I Imploy my Pen upon the Text. It wou'd stick in a Precissians stomack to see so much good meat lost, and not able to imploy his Teeth upon the least Bone. Was't not enough we were depriv'd of our Spiritual Food by crying down the Tabernacles, but must we be deny'd the Exercise of our Carnal Appetites by Decrying the Assemblies, and denying the Saints the lawful Use of the Creature? The Saints to whom the Apostles large sheet in the Vision did appropriate it as their peculiar Right without Restraint or Limitation. Oh the severity of Popish Abstinence, and Arbitrary Power, denying the true and Loyal Subject that Liberty, by humane Law which the Gospel freely allows him! Nor is it our grief alone that we are robb'd of the Enjoyment of the Creature in the satisfying of our Carnal Appetites, but of the Pretious time that might be imploy'd in such meetings in the Exercise of our Spiritual Graces, as true Blue Protestant Subjects in praying for his Majesty, and contriving the good and preservation of the King and Kingdom (as is was given out in the Tickets) which is our Speculative Devotion, but in our practice is laying Plots to undermine them. Thus you swore for His Majesty against the Lives of his best Subjects, and thus I exercised my Power under pretence of Justice to rob them of their Welth, Estates, and good Name, nay if the Cause had but gon on a little further, I should have had
a fling

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a fling at *Whitehall*, that Nest of Sin and Sodomy; and *St. James's* too, that Sink of Popery and Perdition. You know how near you were of swearing him into the Plot, had you got him into the Pond, I had flead him. But for all our Vigilance in carrying on the great work, he was too powerful, or too cunning for us, and is got into another Colchos with his Golden Fleece. But for all his Greatness, if a True and Loyal Protestant Parliament be call'd, and Swearing prevail as formerly, he may yet fall into our Clutches. Then the rich Diamonds for *Roman* Reliques, Necklaces of Pearl, for Popish Beads, Locketts and Georges, for Bracelets, and Crucifixes. Oh the merry Days that we had then! the Feasting and Rioting, without restraint or controul! thus did we Reign and Triumph, while we trampled on the head of Monarchy, and were as near it again, if the Devil had not bid us to ride so fast up the Hill, and endanger our own Necks, in pursuit of the Game, before we got him in our sight. I cannot deny, but thou with thy side Jaws, and wide Mouth, open'd as lowd, and ran as furiously as any of the Pack, and I was not far behind thee; but a Pox on't, thou and I were Two such fierce Beagles, that we ran our selves out of Breath, before we came to the Chase. This made the Royal Stag get ground, and leave us noseing and gasping after the Scent. 'Tis true, some fallow Deer we run down, and beat several Foxes from their Forms, but they being quicker sighted, discover'd our blind sides, they found our strength in our weakness, and became too powerful for us, that now we dare not as much as keep the Field, or shew our face amongst them. Dares thou shew thy brazen face at *Whitehall*, or I at *Westminster*? was not thou kick'd out of thy Coat, and I out of my Commission? I forced to sculk privately in the Countrey, and thou in the City, and meanly whisper Treason over a Dish of Coffee, when thou mightest have done it with open mouth, before the face of the whole Nation. It is a shame to the Brethren, that we the true *Israelites*, should become a Laughing-stock and Scorn to the unsanctified *Jebusite*. Where's *Absalon's* Valor? Are *Achitophel's* Counsels turn'd into Foolishness, that we shou'd be outwitted by the Sons of *Belial*? or if his Counsels be not followed, what has he more to do, but to go home and hang himself? Is *Zimri* turn'd Fool as well as Fidler, and become a Bankrupt in Wit, as well as Coin? Have *Uriah's* Horns thrust out *Absalons* Eyes, or his Wife so blinded them both, that they cannot see the approaching Dangers? *Abner* is fal'n from *Isbosheth*, to *David*, but let the Hands of the *Philistines* be upon him. Is *Caleb* turn'd a Mute? Let *Nadab* Preach Sedition to the Crowd, and *Jehonas* plead their Cause, by Railing with *Shimei* against the Crown and Government, for my part, I shall not be wanting with the true Patriots of the Kingdoms, to put in a helping hand. I hate a Governmet, where I can have no share, either in the Management or Spoil of it; and if a *Tork* Reign, you know how little a portion you and I are to expect in it, Two Yards of Rope wou'd be the best Chain, and *Hamans* Gibbet the highest promotion we cou'd arrive at, for our Eminent Service for Church or State. For my part, I must sculk *Incognito*, or expect to refund for all the Jewels, Plate, Bracelets and Necklaces, that I Usurp'd under the Title of Popish Reliques, and Superstition: for you, it will be your best way to Plot on still, for since you cast off your Gown, under that Cloak you will pass safest, since all your Discoveries have only found this Credit, that hereafter you will never be believ'd.

F I N I S.

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